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WHOLE NO. 427.

BY SAMUEL D. HARRIS, Jr.

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POETRY.

LITTLE THINGS.

'Tis little things that make the sum Of the hopes and fears of men; Tis little moments speeding on, Make three score years and ten. In a little lump of sugar How much of sweetness lies;

and most of mischief oft lurks hid .. Within the smallest eves. An acorn cup is very small, Yet from it springs the oak : The wind-harp breathes the sweetest fonce That ever zepher woke. And most of meaing oft is found

In little words you know;

How happy "Yes" will make some folks, How miserable "No." A single thought will sometimes turn The current of our lives-For thoughts the springs of action are q Who thinketh right, is wise. A glad smile is a little thing,

Vot bow it cheers the heart : A tear-drop's small, yet speaketh much When friends and loved ones part. The mock bird and the nightingala

Are small, with tiny wing, Vet sweeter, clearer music make Than all the birds that sing. The smellest flower has brightest lines Our earth is made of particles. And oceans come from springs. -Journal of Commerce.

LITERATURE.

THE RUINS OF TIME

BY THE MILFORD BARD.

The car of victory, the plume, the wreath, Dafend not from the bolt of fate the brake; No note the clarion of renown can breathe, T' starm the long night of the lonely grave, Or check the headlong hasto of time's o'er-

whelming wave.

Once more has the earth completed her cir-

and the Vandal hath levelled them with the dust; they be struck with the mutability of all human the serpent now inhabits the temple where the granduer. worshipper once knelt the knee of adoration-the oracle hath been silent for ages, and the priestess The wonders of the world have fallen before long since fled from her falling shrine. And thee. Witness, ye wall of Babylon, covered with where are the cloud-capt pyramids of Egypt, the | ærial gardens, and thou great statue of Olympian wonder of the world? Alas, they still stand as Jove. The most celebrated cities of antiquity could have paid for the day he got out his time. mouseful monuments of human ambition. But have been buried beneath the irresistable waves In seventy-seven years we have not only changwhere are the kings who planned, and the millions of time. Go read an example in the fate of Syr- ed the politics of the earth, but its wearing of miserable slaves who erected them? Gone acuse, the city of Archmedes, whose single arm down to the grave; the rank weed waves over repelled the hosts of Rome, and dared to move their mouldering bones. And such shall be the the world if he might have foundations for his feet. fate of those pyramids which have stood for ages That splendid city is in ruins-her philosopher of time shall roll over them and bury them for- engines of war? They are swept from the recolever in the general mausoleum of ages.

Balbee and Jerusalem. Behold the city of God Sparta fought and Troy fell. Alas, those palace hath fallen-through her tottered temples and halls are silent, and the towers of Illion lie level Savir. The musing traveler in vain searches for Hector, too, the brave antagonist of Archilles, is plants to arrive at maturity, we have built a nacolumns are beneath his feet; its sublime image- departed forever. The invaders and the invaded from the Atlantic to the Pacific-a nation that the glory of the world hath departed forever. time, and their deeds live only in the tide of planted more telegraph posts, and owns more soldiers to join the Austrians, and crush the Otto- ance upon our horizon. Oh! where are the millions of once active beings Homer's song. praise? Alas, they are lost amid the undistinguish, the scene desolation. Here may be seen the their once celebrated city.

before him in the path of his irresistable might. is the story of their wrongs. They once had cit-2.00 and Sparta, the homes of that illustrious philoso- genius of storms and darkness—the sacred pages their philosophers are silent in death; the her light of genius and the arts quenched in the ed Indian once bathed his manly limbs in the statesmen, and poet's mingling with the frag- his own loved Lakes. Centuries passed away, ments of her falling granduer. Go to the temple and they still roved the undisputed masters of of Diana, Epheses, and the oracle of Delphos, and the western world. But at length a pilgrim bark, ask the story of her renown, the story of her dis- deep freighted from the east, came darkening on solution. Alas, that temple hath long since dis- their shores. They yielded not their empire solved in a flood of flame, and the last echo of tamely but they could not stand against the sons that oracle hath died on the lips of Eolus. But of light,-they fled. With slow and solitary she fell not before the flaming sword of Mahomet steps they took up their mournful march to the without a struggle. It was the last expiring west, and yielded with a broken heart their na- Ambassador" announcing that conflict upon the Jenner is writing about cuckoos and natural histostruggle of a brave and illustrious race, and her fall was like that of the Colusus at Rhodes-she was recognized alone by the fragments of her re- woods where no humman foot had ever trod, and tial attitude, with little variation in the force and of the fruit sweet, and part sour." One F. R. S. nown. When the conquering arm of Rome no human eye ever penetrated. From time to situation of the contestants, appeared in 1788 .- is deciphering how to make steel, another, ardent spread the imperial banner above her walls, her time they have been driven back, and the next The beginning of that year found the Turkish spirits out of potatoes; and a third, paper out of literature and learning survived the fall; but when the second time she fell beneath the Far- cific. Unhappy children! the tear of pity has of the Empress Catharine, to corrupt the Turkish liament condescends to teach English housewives tar horde, the last gleam of Grecian glory was ex- been shed over your wrongs and your sufferings. beys, and increase her dominions by intrigue and how to make perpetual yeast; while an Earl writes tinguished in Byzantium's tomb.

Mournful to the mind of man are the records of departed greatness. Where is the imperial city they are fast fading from the face of the earth, this, along the Danube, and the Black Sea. The tea-gardens and has his grand gala on the Thames. of the Cæsars, the once proud mistress of a sub- and ere many centuries shall have passed they most extraordinary efforts of the Sultan aroused Fox fights the slave trade; and Liverpool and jugated world. She lies low but still mighty in will have been swept from the annals of ages. the desperate courage of the people and drew them London pray to be saved from the ruin which imthe dust. Methinks I am seated amid the mel- Ere long the last wave of the west will roll over from all parts of his dominions. They were op- pends on the destruction of that traffic! The achdoly ruins of Rome. Around me are strewed them, and their deeds only live in the traditions posed by the vetran armies of two of the first pow- Prince of Wales attended the horse race at Brighthe crumbling fragments of other ages, and be- they shall have left behind them. The march of ers of the day, as of this-Austria and Russia. ton, to see the pitched battles in which only one fore me are the tumbling temples once hallowed mind hath been to them the march to the grave. These powers were flushed with the prestage of the combatants is killed. The Clubs are open by the footsteps of the Cæsars. But where is the Every age they have rapidly declined, and a lin- which the wanton spoilation of Poland had given to the India nabobs and noble sprigs. Sheridan cottage of Romulus, the golden palace of Nero, gering remnant is now left to sigh over the ruins them. The Russians, then as now, endeavored shines in wit; Mrs. Thrall writes a novel; Garand the shrine of Appollo and the Muses? They of their empire and the memory of their brave to create the old furor of the crusades against the rick plays Hamlet and Mrs. Siddons Lady Macare mingling with the wrecks of other times .- progenitors. The golden harvest now waves Musselman and was greatly concerned for the beth; the Bishops at Lambeth get up a new pray-Aud where is the great Roman Forum, in which over the tombs of their fallen fathers, and the for- christians under the Turkish rule. But this did er; Wharton, the Laureate, pens birth day odes the thunders of Cicero's eloquence once struck est that once echoed to the war-dance is now cov- not succeed. Genoa only allowed Russia to arm to his majesty, who is every day getting more cra-

cuit round the burning and brilliant luminary of flocks now feed. There, where the Tribunal and ters in the setting sun; and the river, unrippled dent and proud, though weak as she is now, repu- lated Parliament on the fine condition of the finan-Heaven. The wheels of time still roll on, and the Rostrum, the Comitium and the Curia once but by the Indian cance, is now white with the bury every moment in the dust, the wrecks of for- stood, the lean lizard now crawls, and the rank sails of commerce. And when they shall have received the Turkish embassador with great dis- and minus its millions. Oh! those were halcyon mer revolution. The monuments of art and gen- grass waves in the night breeze. Those walls passed away, -when the last Indian shall have tinction, and threatened the Russian fleet, which days for beef fed, pleasure hunting, monied Engius, the temples of ambition, pride and vanity, are now silent, where the tongue of Tully once stood upon his native hills in the west, and shall was attempting to sail into the Mediterranean. land, when our Camet brushed the Solar System every moment spring up and hurled to the earth thundered and the applause of listenings senates have worshipped the setting sun for the last time. in the path of man, and serve to remind him of the reverberated. And where is that stupendous nile perhaps some youth may rove to the green toutability of all human greatness and all human the Colisium, which stood in ancient days like a mound of Indian supulchre, and ask with wonder with jealousy. The commerce of France in the Yes-England was at peace at last. The boy granduer. To him how pregnant with instruct mountain of marble, and where the strong armed what manner of beings they were. How must Levant-of which she then had the monopoly, had whipped its mother and she lay still. These tion are the wrecks, and ruins, and revolutions of gladiator bled, and the untamed tigers of the for- the poor child of the forest weep, and how must might be crippled. England, always too ready to United States, of which the Comet took little notime. They are the oracles of ages-they speak est died! Behold it still stands tottering in de- his heart throb with anguish, when he muses on like a trumpet from the tomb. They speak with cay, but the thousands of spectators have depart- on the ruins of his race and the melancholy desa voice of thunder to the heart-a voice more im- ed, and thunders of applause have died in echoes tiny of his children. The ploughshare hath pressive than the song of Tully, more symphonicalong the ruined arches. The red sun goes down passed over the bones of his ancestors, and they ous than the harp of Homer, more picturesque and sheds his last ray upon its gray battlements, sleep in the land of strangers and of the conquerthan the pencil of Appalles. I feel in my soul and the mellow moonbeam glimmers through the ers of the dving race. Methinks I see the stately the grandeur of my exalted throne. I see the jvy crowned walls and gloomy galleries. The Indian, as he bends from the brow of the misty venerable shade of time as he stand for a moment footstep of the solitary traveler now choes mountain, and survey with a swelling heart the on the pedestal of years; his white locks stream- alone where the mighty Casars once applauded, once extended limits of the Indian empire. The ing in the winds of winter; his aged hand point- and the clash of the combat sounded. But is this grief of years is in his soul, and he bends his knee ing to the ruins of empires, and his trembling all? Alas, Rome is eloquent in ruins-the city in meek submission before the Great Spirit in the form bending over tombs of oriental genius where of the seven hills is strewed with the fragments clouds. Unhappy child-my soul mourns over the comet saw it in 1788! Every power in Euthe lamp of glory still burns, and the light im- of other ages. Go muse over the fallen forums of the ruined hopes of your fading race. Trajan, Nerva, and Dormitian-a few pillars of Roll back the billowy tide of time!-unroll the Parisian marble alone remain to tell the world mouldering record of ages! What scenes are that they once have been. Go and gaze on the presented the startled imagination of man. He ruins of the palace of the Cæsars-descend into beholds his own destiny, and the doom of his the catacombs and ruminate amid the bleaching noblest achievement. He builds the colossal bones of the early christians, persecuted by the temple of his renown-he dedicates it to other demon of superstition even unto death. Go climb ages-it stands on a rock, and bathes its high bat- the lofty towers of Rome and survey the melantlements in the blue clouds of Heaven, but, be- choly mementoes of other times and other men. hold, triumphant time hurls it with all its gran- And was this the mighty Rome that once stood point: dear to the dust. So it is with man himself, whose against the legions of Carthage, led on by the hot and hurried existence precipitates the hour of victorious Hannibal? It is the same, though falhis own dissolution. And so it is with the em- len. And where is Carthage? Buried in the pires of the earth-they rise, flourish, and pass vortex of oblivion. Could the shades of the imaway, as if they had never been. Where are mortal Cicero, Horace and Virgil revisit the earth her thousands of cities, her Thebes, her Memphis, and stray through those scenes which they have her oracle of Ammon? The red arm of the Goth immortalized in song and eloquence, how would

Oh! time, mighty is the strength of thy arm! lection of man. Go and read another exam- problem of self-government has been solved, and

who inhabited the sacred city, and whose voices Such are a few instances of the ravages of ever will live. For all this we again say, thank yet come. This is what the Comet saw in Eastonce made the temple vocal with the songs of time. Nor less hath our own loved land been God, and praise Thomas Jefferson." able wrecks of time. Their bones are bleaching ruins of an Indian empire, more extended than ing on their native hills, even more desolate than the empires of the east; and though they were the children of the forest, and though they left west, when he received for an answer, "Get out, cial difficulties had begun the year before. The

He hath up-rooted the firm foundations of great- ies, but where are they? They are swept from ness and grandeur, nor less hath he desolated the face of the earth. They had their temple of the gardens of oriental genius. Methinks I see the sun, but their sanctuary is broken down, and him pointing with triumph to the tottering tem- the beams of the deified luminary extinguished .-ples of Greece, and smiling at the ruins of Athens It is true they worshipped the Great Spirit and the her who gave learning to the imperial son of of revelation had never been unrolled to them-Phillip, and where Solon and Lycurgus gave law the gospel of the Savior had never sounded in the to the world. But these cities are in ruine, ears of the poor children of the forest. They heard the voice of their God in the morning emy, the Porch and the lyceum no longer te- breeze; they saw him in the dark cloud that rose sound with the doctrines of Plato, Zeno, and their in wrath from the west; they acknowledged his illustrious competitors. Their fame alone has universal beneficence in the setting sun as he survived the general wreck. What a lesson is sunk to his burning bed. Here another race this for the growing empires of earth. Greece, once lived and loved-here, along these shores, the glory of the world, the bright luminary of the council-fire blazed, and the war-whoop echolearning, liberty and laws, prostrate in the dust; ed among their native hills-here the dark browlong night of time; her philosophers, heroes, river, and his light canoe was seen to glide over tive hills to another race. They left their homes and the graves of their fathers to explore western remove will be to the bosom of the stormy Pa- spirit blazing out against Russia for the attempts the barks and leaves of trees! A member of Par-What bosom but beats with sympathy over the conquest. The capital chapter of the world's a disquisition on purifying sea salt. mournful story of their woes. As a race of men history was written for that year as it has been for The Lord Mayor licenced the Dog and Duck cred with rising cities. Where the wigwam once her Mediterranean fleet in her harbor. Vienna zy; Della Crusca simpers through silly stanzas to There the sheperd boy roams, and the fleecy stood, the tall temple, dedicated to God now glit-

Multum in Parvo.

The Albany Knickerbocker, under the head of "Independence and Progress," tells the whole Black Sea! story of our nation's birth and greatness, and progress in the arts sciencies in a remarkable

seven years ago the United States was a remote circumstance; they now compose the second commercial nation in the world. In three-quarters of a century they have revolutionized the world, in a continent. In less time than it took Methuselah to get out of swaddling clothes we have nessed more steam, and at a greater cost in money than the whole revenues of the world apparel -- cotton shirts being as much the offspring of the United States as ballot-boxes and whold world has been to school, and, what is bettaught in the previous four thousand years. The has grown up in an ordinary life time that would

posed honorable marriage to a young lady of the the French revolution were working. The finan- you are as plump as a patridge. The monuments of genius and the arts fall alike yet great were they in their fall, and sorrowful I'll tell your mother."-St. Louis Ledger.

From the Ohio Statesman. What the Comet saw in 1788 and in 1853.

The Astronomers have ciphered him out a fogy of annual Register of 1788, you look in vain for any the date immediately subsequent to the American generous principle as its guiding star. You will Revolution. His last recorded pilgrimage to the find chronicles of the great bruising match between earth belongs to the year 1788: When you look- Humphreys the bully, and Mendoza the Jew, in ed out last night and saw his bright nucleus and which £20,000 in bets passed from the Jews to streaming radience, could you help indulging in the Gentiles; and the great trial of Hastings, on some reflections at the vieissitudes our earth has the 13th of February, 1788, wherein Burke, aided undergone, since this vagabond last shot athawart by Fox, Sheridan, Francis, and others, impeached our sky? If some power the "giftie would gie us." the despoiler of India before the Lords in Westby which to infuse a perceptive and reflective fac- minister. You will find recorded the death of ulty into the arial ranger, it might be a curious, "John Scarr-a pauper-aged 105, who could if not a useful employment, to indite his impres- thread a needle without spectacles, and crack sions or our world as he saw it 1788, and as it now nuts with his teeth to the end of his life"; as well appears. Three great events have taken place, as the judicial death of Lord Mansfield, who is which have produced marked changes in the world; that year had retired from the bench he had adornthe Rusian domination; the French Revolution; ed, and the jurisprudence he had built up. You and the United States' Constitution. This comet will find England in a hubbub because a "shabby saw in 1788 the potential commencement of each insane man" had got into the the Princess Eliza-

of war. The present comet was just visable by a bill to pay the American loyalists who stuck to telescope on the 11th of June, and its coming George, to their eternal disgrace. England was might well have been considered as the "dread content to cultivate business and the arts of peace. brink of which all Europe and Asia seemed to ry; the President of Cambridge University is stand. Strange as it may appear, the same mar- writing "an account of a singular apple tree, part then a free Republic, and Sardinia then indepen- Delia and sonnets to Damon; and Pitt congratudiated the Austrian and Russian alliance. Spain ces, while Fox finds the budget full of blunders with the guns of Gibralter. France and England last, and bore away these tidings with "the wild looked upon the expansion of Russian territory pulsation of its wing."

This was the state of the European world, when

course became the ally of the Turk.

"It is seventy-seven years ago to-day, since ritory. Crimea, that famed peninsula between age. Uncle Sam was born, and what an eventful sev- the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff, had been stantinople! The Comet saw that, and dashed on! sal effulgence.

These events so aroused Turkey, that in a mosteamboats, than any nation that has ever lived or man. They moved in vain. The time had not ern Europe in that year 1788. The events of Western Europe made not then a very prominent A young man of good standing recently pro- place in history. The underlaying elements of them. The next year found the revolution aris- ing game of me.

ing in its fury-the Bastile taken-Lafavette leading the Guards, and Mirabeau the Assembly.

England was at peace. The American revolu We spoke of a comet that was sporting in our tion had been ended. The Comet found England horzoin. He is called a new comet, but he is not. busy beef eating and bullying. If you search the beth's appartments to pay his adoration at her feet; The coming of a comet was formerly a presage and the English Parliament in a hubbub, debating

pander to Russian ambition, had been disabliged tice then, had just put on its Constitutional dress; by the refusal of Russia to renew certain old com- und in 1788 had started out under the lead of mercial treaties. Prussia had lost much of her George Washington after greatness and glory importance by the death of Frederick, and weigh- The Comet, on its return in 1853, finds England ed little in the balance of power. Sweden under at nearly the same old sports and trades, yet the impulse of a young king, and with the old fire bloated and ready to burst with money and lust : of Gustavus and Charles, dashed into Finland with France still under a despot with a new name, ala war against Russia and the odds, on account of together convulsions have since sorely shaken Russian insolence and interference. She of her; Russia and Austria still banded against the liberal and the weak, and seeking to steal over the Danube and through the Balkan, to enthrone a rope disdained to become the dupe of Russian Greek Patriarch in St. Sophia. Its finds Venice ambition, except Austria, whose suppleness fur- crushed by Austria, as it found Poland by the nished 80,000 troops to harrass the frontiers of "Powers." But, whereas in 1788 it saw Europe Moldo Wallachia, while Russia fought the Otto- tamely submitting to hereditary and inveterate man along the shores and on the waters of the tyranny, without a murmur-it now finds a spirit called DEMOCRACY, informed with the elements of Never before or since, unless it be during the the American and French revolutions, and it hears past few months, was the ancient Mahometan a prayer rising from the patriot lips of millions of short paragraph for a theme so comprehensive. spirit so aroused. Catharine had pompously held freemen-rising to heaven-that patriot's orison The style is rather racy, but decidely to the her court at Cherson, near the mouth of the Dneiper, and within a few leagues of the Turkish ter- which belong to those created in God's own im-

Whence this change? Whence this illustrious enty-seven years they have been! Seventy- wrongfully wrested from the Porte. The Rus- spirit burning from heart to heart like the fiery sians crowded around their Empress, predicting cross from Highland hill to hill? Whence this for her universal dominion and for the Ottoman cheering star in the night of the nations? Is it speedy destruction. Poland slept the death sleep, from the West! It rose full orbed in 1788 when and the time was inviting for further robbery .- our government began. With four millions then built up an empire, licked our mother and fenced The Hospadors on the Danube then as now play- under its auspices; the strange visitor of the skies ed into the Russian hand. Russian Consuls were now finds that number multiplied six fold, and everywhere busy with money and management. their spirit indefinitely multiplied and transused. made more canals, tamed more lightning and har- The real and avowed object of the Russian, well It finds a nation, beginning like itself to mortal matured at Cherson, was to place the second eye, dim at its nucleus and faint at its radiance : grandson of Catherine-Prince Constantine, on but growing brighter and brighter as it approaches the throne of the ancient Greek Emperor at Con- the sun, until its light shall be lost in the univer-

ment of noble rage, she sent the Russian Ambas- of our greatness and power in the Earth shall it not being affected with any of the punctilious of sador a prisoner to the seven towers. She then bear? Who that reads the history of the last 65 civilized life, readily accompanied him home. By democracy. Since the fourth of July, 1776, the hurled defiance at the Muscovite and German unitedly. She had a Grand Vizir who followed up fail to foresee the dominant greatness of this Union makes him an excellent wife. She is described as the beacons of misguided ambition; the waves sleeps in the dust, and where are his mighty ter, has learned more common sense than was the defiance. Defending Belgrade from the Austrians in the spring, he pushed through Wallachia in science, arts and government; who that sees fine straight nose, most interesting cast of counteand, during the summer of 1788, overran south- the steamship, the locomotive, and the telegraph, nance, and a slender, agile figure. She has readi-And hath all the glory and grandeur of the ple in the fate of far-famed Troy. Seek there for lits truth made immortal as Washington or yellow eastern Hungary, until Vienna trembled at the objects which this comet never saw till his pres- ly acquired the English language, and speaks it world thus yielded to the victorious tooth of time? the palaces of Priam, once illumed with the smiles corn. Its adaption to all the wants of the more audacious foe. The very Danubian provinces, ent visit—and reflects upon their influence in the with remarkable fluency. Go seek an answer amid the wreck of Palmyra, of the fickle though beautiful Helen, for whom aspiring nation has been made most signally manwhich in this year of 1853, have again cowered world; who that thinks of what the Pacific realm ifest. Under its harmonious working a republic before the Russian, were then the scene of glori- has become; what gold is doing; what commerce Couldn't Do it.—The Cleveland Heralds tells ons adventures, such as Ottoman history cannot has accomplished; what China, walled close in the following. Of course it's true: ruined battlements, the shade-born beetle wheels with the dust. Old Priam hath long since de- have taken any other system of government a parallel. Upon the Black Sea, the Russian ships 1788, from the world's keenest ken, has done and Recently, upon the cars running out of Clevehis dreary flight, and the roaring lion of the parted from the earth, and the graves of Paris thousand years to have brought about. Yes, in were then under the command of the prince of is doing; who that believes that popular liberty land, a lady was peddling tracts, playing female desert hath made his lair in the sepulchre of the and his paramour are unknown. The mighty less time than it has taken some green-house Nausau, who had our Paul Jones as his second; must rise above the ruins of tyranny, under the colporteur. The tract which engressed her one and various were the fortunes of the year on that auspices of Science and Christianity-can help pecial attention was entitled, Give me thy heart. Savir. The musing traveler in vain searches for rector, too, the blave antagonist of Archives, is and various were the fortunes of the year on that auspices of Science and Christianity—can help pecial attention was entitled, Give me thy heart, the splendid temple of Solomon; its crumbling no more. The glory of the house of Priam hath tion that has spread itself from Maine to Mexico, fickle élement. To assist the Russian fleet, there marvelling at the changes in our Earth since last and was undoubtedly an orthodox and valuable. moved down the river Bog on its way to the Black the comet passed on its way, and anticipate the production. Without a word, she presented it to ry is pictured in the landscape of imagination, but sleep together in the common mauseloum of has caught more whales, licked more Mexicans, Sea, in June 1788, one hundred and fifty thousand immense results which will greet its next appear- a quiet looking home, who read the title, and re-

> A gentleman complimented a lady in her improved appearance.

"You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied the gentleman, "for I vow humor of their wives.

"At first" replied the lady "I thought you were 'mine is a Tartar!" Time, like death is an impartial conqueror. no monuments of sculpture, painting and poesy, you feller! Do you think I'd sleep with a man? ill starred Minister Neckar had failed to right only flattering me, but now I find you are mak-

Another Wonderful Island.

The account of "Pitcairn's Island" was almost too marvellous for belief, but we have just met a description given by Capt. Gibson-whose wonderful escape from a dungeon in the island of Java we published lately-of the very curious island of Tristan d' Acunha, a mere rock in the Southern Ocean. Capt. G. says:

The island is situated about midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. In the year 1811, the British frigate Pandora struck on a ledge of rocks near this island, on her return home from Bengal, laden with troops. One of their number, Sergeant Glass, while the troops were being landed, preparatory to getting the ship off the rocks, took advantage of the confusion attendant thereon, and secreted himself on the island, and the ship sailed without him. Glass remained here three years, subsisting, in the meantime, on the flesh of goats, which here abound, and also on shell-fish and roots. By the expiration of this time he had succeeded in constructing a boat from drift timber and other materials, and proceeded with a cargo of goat skins to the Cape of Good Hope, some 1,000 miles distant. The time which he selected for his departure in this frail craft was during the prevalence of the westerly winds. He accomplished his perilous voyage in safety.

After a short residence at Cape Town, he maried the widow of a soldier who had died at the Cape; and with his wife and a negro man returned to his solitary island again, taking with him various implements, seeds, arms, and ammunition, together with other necessaries, which were liberally furnished him by the merchants of Cape Town. Here the good couple carried out the injunction of "increase and multiply." The result of their marriage was seven daughters, who in the course of time, were married to men from American whalers who occasionally touched at the island .--These sons-in-law of the old man, in compliance with a law that he had made that "no son-in-law of his should leave the island," settled down, and proved as prolific as did the original couple, so that the population now amounts to eighty-four ren. The old Patriarch, Glass, is now 82 years

deed, he says he means to live for 80 years longer. and, so far as personal appearance would warrant the judgment, he will keep his word. A remarkable fact should here be mentioned.

of age, and as hale and strong as a youth of 20: in-

that since the island has first been settled by Glass. death has never visited one of its inhabitants. The amount of land at present available for cultivation on the island is a mere strip of about

250 acres, which is entirely devoted to the cultivation of potatoes and other esculents. But, as the spade is used, and every attention paid to enriching the land, it is even now capable of furnishing support to about 5000 persons; and their is no doubt that in the course of a few years large tracts of other land on the side of the mountain will be brought in a productive state.

The island is an extinct volcano, rising almost 1.100 feet above the level of the sea. The edges of the crater of this volcanic mountain are eternally covered with snow. Within the crater is a magnificent lake of pure fresh water, about onethird of a mile in diameter. This lake is fed by the melted snows, and it overflows in several torrents and cascades down the sides of the mountain, supplying the inhabitants of the island and ships which sometimes touch there, with excellent water. The lake sometimes abounds with a very peculiar kind of fish, of excellent flavor, and totally unlike any other species found in the surrounding ocean, so that their origin is an interesting subject for the investigation of the ichthvolo-

Capt. Gibson staid at this island for three days and only left it and its interesting inhabitants sooner than he wished from compulsion, as a dangerous storm was brewing, and the coast afforded no safe anchorage. The grand-daughters of old and beauty, and it would not be strange if many more adventurous Yankees should be inclined to settle there and marry into this patriarchal fraternity. The women are equally expert with the men in the rifle, fishing rod, and oar, and find no difficulty in finding husbands, for whom they make excellent wives. With the men of the original stock, however, the case is different, as women

are not in the habit of going "a whaling: therefore no women come to the island. We are informed that there are now about nineteen young men who would feel under great obligations to some charitable Mrs. Farnham. One of the young men took his father's boat,

and with two of his cousins proceeded to the coast of Africa, and made bold to introduce him-When it shall again come to us-what message self to an interesting young Caffre woman, who,

plied, 'No madam, I cannot do it-this woman is my wife.' The heart-seeker vamoosed, and the passengers roard."

AT Two men were conversing about the iff 'Ah!' said one with a sorrowful countenance

'Well,' said the other, 'mine is worse than that-mine is the Cream of Tartar!'